Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

A MOTHER'S GARDEN.

I see her in the dear, dead years,
  Blest in her apt and tender ways;
  I catch some sweet or humorous phrase;
She smiles, and then all disappears
In a quick mist of burning tears.

A minute, and she comes again,
  And loiters where she loitered oft
  Upon the long lawns, close and soft,
Tending the blossoms that might wane
With thirsting for the summer rain.

Like her own children, well she knew
  The children of her garden-reach,
  And ministered to all and each,
From woodbine striving for the blue,
To homely lavender and rue.

She loved the phlox on swaying stem,
  The yellow lilies' brief, sweet bliss;
  The delicate gray clematis,
And rustic Star of Bethlehem;
She watched and tended all of them.

And many a fragrant flower that yet
  In fancy I can smell again
  At eve, or after summer rain;
The stocks, so sweet when dewy wet,
With pansies, wall-flow'rs and mignonette,

And lavish roses, still I see
  Her 'mid them; hear the names I know,
"The moss rose," "General Jacqueminot,"
"Saffroni," and the dear old tree
"Tea-scented," sweet as it could be.

But 'mid the many flowers that were
  One might not thrive, and still apart
  The childish longing takes my heart:
"Would that the Daphne had lived there,
Since this was so desired by her."

But ah! what matter now? the grace
  Is vanished of her gentle touch;
  The heart that cared for all so much,
The noble mien, the loving face,
Have passed into a higher place.

The walks, the lawns, the rustling trees,
  The mimic wood for many a fern,
  Expect no more her slow return;
New names, new voices catch the breeze,
And all is changed save memories;

But these are ours until life's slope
  Dips down into the darkened vale;
  And 'tis by these the dead avail
To help us still, as still we grope
Toward their high, accomplished hope.
—Kate Carter, in Chambers' Journal.

THE WOMAN IN IT.

An Artist's Adventure on the Western Prairies.

[Original.]

THE slender boy-like artist, Williams, was happy. He was more than happy—overjoyed at receiving a commission to secure some prairie pictures to illustrate an article in the midsummer number of the magazine.

The editor had given him his orders and after a three days' ride westward he was amid a country of stretching prairies, sod cabins and slow-flowing rivers.

The settlers intent on the pressing and inevitable "business of life" considered him an enigma. They could not conceive a reason why a handsome and apparently prosperous young man with an indefinable city air in his clothes and bearing should be among them. He made little attempt to enlighten them, but went steadily on with his work searching for materials.

Half his time was gone when one evening being in a new section of the prairie he heard the sound of a banjo coming from a sod-walled cabin, and sitting in the door appeared the player—a strong-limbed, graceful daughter of the plains. She seemed created for his purpose. There must be a woman in his sketches, and here was the one he wanted. A few words gained the parents' permission to allow their daughter to assist him, and he went home joyful.

"There must be nothing but the level plain and the girl in the first one," said

"WHAT! YOU HERE?"

he on the morrow as he placed his new-found model before him. Her cheap broad-rimmed hat was held by two bright-colored ribbons, and the saucy face met his squarely.

He thought he had never met one who posed so magnificently and with such unconscious perfection.

It was a river view the following day, a sod house the next, and Williams had seven freehand sketches in his portfolio, the seven being those selected by his bright-faced assistant and three of them reflecting her own lissome figure in attitudes that proved her not insensible of her most graceful postures.

A "prairie schooner," the ponderous white canvas-covered wagon used by emigrants, was to figure in the next drawing, and the two mounted their ponies for a ten-mile ride to a new settler's cabin.

He had drawn the wagon into a little ravine, well sheltered by a thick growth of cottonwoods, and there the work began. The model mounted the driver's seat, and, with hair a-tangle, wielded with mimic vigor the long leather whip of a plainsman while the artist's fingers flew over his paper at lightning speed.

So intent were both on their task that neither saw a white sombrero that showed between two saplings on the bank; nor did they catch the gleam of the angry eyes beneath that looked steadily and fiercely from one to the other. For several minutes the intruder stared on the scene, and then the branches of the saplings quietly intermingled and only the swish of the heavy whip, the low whirr of the distant meadow-lark and the indistinct ripple of the stream broke the silence.

Two days later the model was riding homeward along the bluff by the river-side. She was thinking of the sordid bread-and-butter life spent by the settlers around her—a life of drudgery, narrowness and toil. Her whole soul revolted against it, and yet it must come; even now her name was coupled with that of Emmet Mott and—

Her ruminations were cut short by a sound of voices in the ravine.

"They ain't no use talkin'," said a speaker whose tones she recognized as those of Emmet Mott; "he's got no business there, an' I'm in favor of givin' him a warmin' that he'll remember."

"Guess he touches Emmet in a tender spot," spoke up another, and the girl having ridden nearer could distinguish half a dozen or more sturdy farm lads, or young men, rather, sitting on their ponies in a group down in the river valley.

"No, it don't strike me," retorted Mott; "but no city dude kin come in here an' make himself a nuisance ef I'm around."

"Thet's th' talk," said another. "Th' chap don't do nothin' but putter around with thet gal, an' I'm in favor of runnin' him out o' th' settlement."

The idea seemed to meet with the approbation of the entire party, and they began to eagerly discuss time and manner of proceeding.

The listener caught the words "to-night," "a good rawhidin'" and "serve him right," and then turning her pony across the prairie spurred on at her best gait homeward.

"I don't know as I'm owing him anything," she thought, almost audibly, "but it's too bad to have them ruffians abuse him." Her tender heart lost none of its sensitiveness in thinking of the artist, and she hurried her pony faster.

Her sole thought was to steal away and warn Williams. How she got through the evening she could not tell, but at last her parents had gone to bed and she was alone in the little bedroom built on the side of the cabin. She felt sure the marauders would not venture out on their mission until late, but it was now nearly eleven o'clock, and she had five miles to go. She half regretted that she had not confessed all to her father, but he was a friend of Mott, and she feared he would prevent her taking any part in the evening's happenings.

Silently she crept from the cabin and saddled the best riding animal in the corral. Another she led behind, and lashing both horses into a run set out through the night.

It was no ordinary ride, and the fear that she might be too late urged her on. She remembered having heard Williams say that his host had gone to the county seat, forty miles away, and would be absent over night, and she trembled to think what might be the fate of the slender artist in the hands of the rough and heartless westerners.

As she passed the spot where she had heard the conference in the afternoon she involuntarily halted a moment, thinking the same place might have been made an evening rendezvous.

To her listening ear came the sound of horses' hoofs and of men's eager voices. She gave her horses rein and was off. So fast did she push the animal she rode that the other could not keep step, and a moment later the bridle rein was jerked from her hand and the led horse was loose. He trotted leisurely away and a little cry of vexation and discouragement escaped the girl as she saw one portion of her plan defeated.

But she rode faster now. The pony fairly flew over the level expanse of earth. The night was clear and still with an occasional glimmer of sheet lightning on the edge of the plain at the far horizon.

After awhile as she looked back she saw outlined against the quick flashes the forms of horsemen a mile or two behind.

The band gathered by Emmet Mott was on the way, and the results of previous visits of the band to persons undesirable to its members made the outlook dark for anyone against whom their anger was turned.

The flying figure on horseback plunged forward, skirting a piece of plowed ground, then through a field of growing wheat, steadily nearing the artist's boarding place, where a light in the window was now plainly visible.

The artist was more than satisfied with his quest after illustrative material. He flattered himself that he had correctly fathomed the thought of the *pièce de resistance* of the midsummer number. He was looking forward with considerable interest and promise of pleasure to the hour when he should place his sketches before the editor. His work in the west was nearly over, and he sat up far into the night putting delicate touches on the crude sketches and fitting them for final inspection.

On this night when but one more sketch was needed he devoted his entire energies to his work, only pausing now and then to lean back in his chair and get a better view of the growing representation of prairie life before him.

"Yes, she's capable of something," he spoke out, as if addressing some one, "if she only had half a chance." He leaned far back, but this time his eyes went beyond the paper and saw a ruddy laughing girl-face, crowned with a wide-brimmed hat and long dark curls.

Hark! a horse's hurrying hoofs sound on the sod outside. Nearer and nearer they come, and Williams, startled by the unusual visitation, rushes to the door, arriving just as his model springing from her pony alights at his very feet.

"What! *you* here?" he ejaculates.

"Yes, and they're comin'," is the excited answer.

"They—who do you mean by they?"

"Mott and his gang—a dozen of them, maybe."

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, they're comin' here to hurt you, to drive you out of the settlement, to whip you, maybe. I heard 'em talkin' about it when I went home, an' I stole out of the house to warn you."

"Why should they hurt me?"

"Nothin', only you wear good clothes—an'—" and her self-consciousness would allow her to go no further and tell that she was herself a cause of dissension.

"But never mind," she hurried on; "you must fly—and take your pictures. My pony is the best in the neighborhood. Go!"

"I can't," said Williams, with his manhood spurring him, "and leave you."

"They won't hurt me. Hurry! I can hear them now."

Both caught the sound of horses' hoof pattering on the hard prairie sod.

The girl stepped to the easel and took from the apex his artist's hat. Eagerly she urged him to action and as vehemently he expostulated that it was not becoming in him, a man. But all the time the horsemen came nearer.

The girl made a final appeal in which her heart-love for him she sought to save burst forth; then hurrying across the room with a breath extinguished the lamp.

There was a hurried consultation in the doorway, Williams felt a quick, hot kiss on his hand and as the band of persecutors came near the house they saw a dark figure, identified as their victim by the stylish derby hat it wore, leap to the saddle of a waiting pony and with the speed of the wind strike out across the plain.

"There he goes, the rascal!" shouted Mott, and plunging the spurs into their ponies the cavalcade raced in pursuit. Again and again the horses felt the cruel steel, but the rider ahead was well mounted and use their best endeavor the breach between pursuer and pursued did not become narrower.

The dark cabin was left far behind and the still night gave no light other than that of the stars to guide their race. A mile was passed, then another and another, and the single rider was still dim and shadowy in the distance.

"Make a rush, boys," shouted Mott, whose horse was becoming a little short of breath.

"Can't catch up," replied one of the men, "but will try, and then shoot."

A sound of guttural approbation greeted this sentiment and the riders' hands felt for the men's hips where revolvers were carried by half the party habitually, and by all on such an occasion as this. It would be strange indeed if out of all the shots the company could fire one or two should not reach the mark.

But a spurt was to be tried first, as bloodshed had not been on the party's programme until anger at being outstripped in the race had inspired the thought.

Whoop and hurrah hurried the jaded ponies, spur and boot-heel beat their flanks and the rider ahead appeared much nearer. They were plainly gaining.

But the party had not noticed the direction in which the chase led them. A long curve had been taken and now they were near the river and the deeper portions of the ravines leading down to the valley.

On a sudden the ground seemed to fall away from their horses' feet. They were entering one of the ravines or sloughs and the tall sunflowers and dead stalks of the preceding year were thick and substantial.

A cry broke from the figure ahead, and in a moment the pursuers were violently reining up their steeds to keep from trampling on the outstretched forms of horse and rider.

Mott leaped to the ground and forced his way through the heavy growth that had tripped the fallen animal. Brushing aside the grass he stooped to lift the human form that lay before him in the darkness.

With a strange exclamation of surprise he straightened up and called to his comrades.

"Boys, come here. It's a gal!"

Tenderly the rough hands lifted the graceful, womanly form, and as the face was revealed and Emmet recognized one whom he had hoped to make his sweetheart and wife, he half staggered.

"Supposin', boys," he whispered, "supposin' we'd shot?"

The settler's daughter was not seriously injured by her fall. They replaced the artist's hat on her heavy curls, and when the crisp night winds had blown on her face a moment she was herself again, and mounting her lamed and weary horse led the way toward her home, in which direction she had been riding when the fall came.

Not a word had been spoken. The men silently followed their leader who rode beside the girl. At last, when the dark contours of the settler's cabin showed against the blue of the sky, Mott turned:

"You can go now," were his orders, "and we'll finish the job some other time."

The girl's cool, sarcastic voice followed his words: "You can go, too;

"BOYS, IT'S A GAL!"

you will never finish to-night's job, for Mr. Williams' work is done here and he is far away by this time."

The leader, cowed by the words, followed his dispersing men, and the daring rider who had led the fruitless chase sought her low-roofed bed chamber again, half frightened, half glad over the night's happenings.

Williams was indeed far away but not so far that he did not very soon call to thank his rescuer for her courageous action.

I was buying the midsummer number of his magazine of an uncommonly well-informed book-seller two months later.

"Look there," said he, pointing to a handsome young woman with the carriage of a princess, though her gown was of a provincial type. "That is the original of Williams' drawings for the leading article in the magazine you have. He found her out west somewhere, fell in love with her and a week ago married her. She is sure to be a great favorite here next winter; very bright and original they say she is. That's Williams with her."

I watched them for some distance and wondered then as I did again when I had heard all her story if one of her nature could breathe easily in the pent-up bounds of a great city.

C. M. HAMGER.

A GOOD RESOLVE.

The Way to Bring Sunshine Into Our Lives.

"In the cheering-up-business" contains the brave conclusion reached by a young girl who so persistently tries to bring sunshine into the lives of others that she finally becomes known as the "joy-giver."

"If there is only one thing in life which is bright and pleasant," she said, "that I mean to hold fast; and if there isn't such a thing, I'll make it. I'll be it myself!"

Perhaps she was helped in her hearty and healthy way of taking life by the remark of an old doctor, who had called to see another member of the family and asked:

"What's the matter with her, now?"

"Oh," said the young girl, "I suppose it's her nerves."

"Nerves! nerves!" cried the doctor, seemingly in an alarming rage. "My dear young lady, I adjure you by all your hopes of happiness, don't let that word get into your vocabulary. There's no such thing! Indigestion, dyspepsia, if you like, but not nerves!"

That he was fond of exaggeration, no one can doubt, still, the lesson he would have taught was a sensible one. When we allow ourselves moods of ill-temper or weakness because we are "nervous," then we need to remember that the soul is stronger than the body. We need to look about us, and see whether or not we can make some one else happy.

"For," says the little heroine who became a joy-giver, "if one is really disposed to bring people good cheer it is wonderful to see what frequent opportunities there are. One might make it a business!"—Youth's Companion.

What She Wore.

This the way a reporter who wrote up a recent party at Poughkeepsie described a lady's toilet:

"Miss X—— wore a red bombazine dress ruched with point alpaca and an overskirt of rose gingham with a border of parsley blossoms. Her tournure was particularly noticeable from the fact that her hair was so deliciously scrambled in front. She also wore number nine double-button gloves, number six store shoes slashed at the heels, and pompadour socks."—Albany Argus.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

Extract from a Lecture by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

A great many ladies suffer from nervous exhaustion resulting from the demands made upon them of fashionable society. The various rounds of fashionable dissipations which "society" prescribes is a constant source of nervous prostration among its devotees. Nervous prostration may be brought on by lack of sufficient sleep, or by exhausting the nervous system through excessive emotional excitement of one kind or another. It should be remembered that nervous prostration is a symptom, not a disease, and at the outset it may be quickly cured by removing the cause.

The reading of exciting fictitious literature is a frequent cause of nervous prostration. If a person thinks that it is no harm to read a book of this character; if he says, "Here is a book of mere trash which requires no mental effort, and it is a mere pastime to read it," he is entirely mistaken. The reading of a book which is simply amusing and exciting, though often regarded as a source of diversion to the mind, may be really a source of nervous prostration through undue excitement of the emotional nature. The reader has his interest so thoroughly enlisted, and his sympathies too, that his brain becomes wearied through the excitement, and he fairly holds his breath with anxiety in following the thrilling scenes of the narrative. Tragic events are described in such a graphic way that his heart beats rapidly and he becomes so intently absorbed that he does not know anything which is transpiring around him; he hardly breathes and sits as motionless as a statue. You have all seen this and experienced it in yourselves, but you may not have realized what a great and needless expenditure of nervous energy it is. All useless expenditures of nervous vitality should be avoided if one wishes to maintain health, and one who is already an invalid certainly can not afford any such extravagance.—Reported by Helen L. Manning.

THE BALEARICS.

People Who Have Queer Ideas Regarding Courtship.

Of old customs there is naturally greater survival in Iviza than in Majorca and Minorca, which have closer intercourse with the continent. The Ivicenes are in bad repute as law-abiding people. They prefer, like the Corsicans, to take the law into their own hands. Bloodshed is comparatively common among them; and when a peasant has thus committed homicide, he seldom chooses to wait for the judge of assize to condemn him. He evades the island, and finds immunity in Algiers, or on the continent.

The fair sex are, of course, the chief cause of the more fatal quarrels on the island. To tell the truth, the local methods of wooing a girl seem well adopted to provoke irritation. She receives her suitors en masse. Sunday evenings are the conventional visiting times. The damsel then takes up her station in the paternal porch and waits for the young men who have conceived a fancy for her. Each youth has the privilege of sitting by her alone for a limited number of minutes. He must make the most of this opportunity, for the other aspirants will not tolerate any extension of the time. If he does not get up after awhile and make way for a successor, his rivals show unmistakable impatience. Nor can one wonder that now and again, when the maiden is peculiarly attractive, the youths find the formal seance too much for their tempers. Though unseemly, it is not surprising that they should quarrel and fight with each other. But whatever happens, the girl has a stereotyped part to play. She may interpose to prevent bloodshed in her very presence; otherwise it is decorous in her to welcome each suitor with the same measure of civility. Not until she has had as thorough experience of them as the Sunday entertainments afford her does she show the preference she feels for one in particular.—Cornhill Magazine.

Ever in Demand.

Friend—Is it not remarkable that, with the thousands of authors in the country, the price of writing paper does not go up?

Struggling Author (gazing at returned packages)—N-o, but I should think stamps would go up.—N. Y. Weekly.

He Made His Point.

Nocash—Do you know, Stablets, that you remind me of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Stablets—No. Why?

Nocash—Because you have such a fine span.

(Gets an invitation to ride, on the spot.)—Brooklyn Life.

Living Proof.

Dr. Jollcose—What's the matter, my good fellow? Trying to be ill?

Goodfellow—They say I have typhoid fever.

Dr. Jollcose—Typhoid fever! Bad thing. One of two things follows. Patient always dies or is left an idiot. I've had it; I know.—Judge.

Question of Finance.

Hobbs—I suppose you will pass the summer with your fiancee at the seashore, won't you?

Dobbs—I shall if I can marry her at the end of the first week.—Life.

—The revised German Bible has been completed. For nearly thirty years critics and scholars have been at work on it.